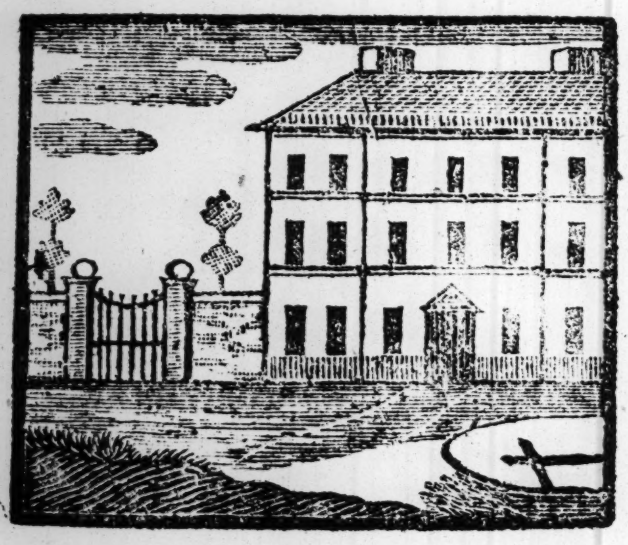
# Etrick Banks.

( *Sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-lane.* )

ON Etrick Banks, in a ſummer's night,
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſy braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane;
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lilly neck,
And kiſs'd and clapt her there fou leng;
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, my laſſy, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earſe to learn,
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew
When we come to the bring;
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy Law,
Cheer up your heart my bony laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſts and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when you ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes and play a ſpring,
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield;
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.